

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
P O E M S,

In Two Volumes ;

Being all the Miscellanies of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, which were Publish'd by himself in the Year 1609. and now correctly Printed from those Editions.

The First Volume contains, I. VENUS and ADONIS. II. The Rape of LUCRECE. III. The Passionate Pilgrim. IV. Some Sonnets set to sundry Notes of Musick.

The Second Volume contains One Hundred and Fifty Four Sonnets, all of them in Praise of his Mistress. II. A Lover's Complaint of his Angry Mistress.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the Cross-Keys, between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-street.

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS  
In Two Volumes;

Being all the Miscellaneous of Mr. Warton  
Shakespeare, which were published by  
himself in the Year 1749, and now  
revised by the Editor.



The First Volume  
A Poem, &c.  
III. The Poem, &c.  
Sonnet for to the  
16

The Second Volume  
Fifty Four Sonnets.  
his Mistress. In A Letter, &c.  
his Angry Mistress.

Printed for Daniel Wilson, at the  
between the Two Columns in the  
Street.



## Advertisement.

**T**HE Remains of Mr. William Shakespeare, call'd, *The Passionate Pilgrime*, and, *Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musick*, (at the End of this Collection) came to my hands in a little stitch'd Book, printed at London for W. Jaggards in the Year 1599. It is generally agreed he dy'd about the Year 1616. so that it appears plainly they were published by himself, being printed 17 Years before his Death.

I will say nothing of *Venus and Adonis*, nor of the *Rape of Lucrece*, they being universally allow'd to be Shakespeare's, only that I have printed them from very old Editions, which I procur'd, as the Reader will find by my keeping close to his Spelling.

The Writings of Mr. Shakespeare are in so great Esteem, that several Gentlemen have subscrib'd to a late Edition of his Dramatick Works in Six Volumes; which makes me hope, that this little Book will not be unacceptable to the Publick. •

## Advertisement.

I shall not take upon me to say any thing of the Author, an ingenious Person having compil'd some Memoirs of his Life, and prefix'd it to the late above-mention'd Edition: But I cannot omit inserting a Passage of Mr. *Shakespeare's* Life, very much to his Honour, and very remarkable, which was either unknown, or forgotten by the Writer of it.

That most learn'd Prince, and great Patron of Learning, King *James the First*, was pleas'd with his own Hand to write an amicable Letter to Mr. *Shakespeare*; which Letter, tho' now lost, remain'd long in the Hands of Sir *William D'avenant*, as a credible Person now living can testify.

To  
this little Book will not be unacceptable to the Publick.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

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*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castaliâ plena ministrret aquâ.*

---

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1609.

VENIUS

AND

ADONIS

Willa morum vulgus, with their  
Pecora Calfs & some other

BY MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LONDON

Printed in the Strand



The Epistle  
To the Right Honourable

Henry Wriothesly,

Earl of Southampton, and Baron of  
Titchfield.

Right Honourable,



Know not how I  
shall offend in De-  
dicating my unpo-  
lished Lines to your  
Lordship, nor how  
the World will

censure me for choosing so strong a  
prop to support so weak a burthen:  
only if your Honour seem but pleased,  
I account my self highly praised, and  
vow to take advantage of all idle  
hours, till I have-honoured you with  
some graver labour. But if the first  
beir of my invention prove deformed,

## The Epistle, &c.

I shall be sorry it had so noble a God-  
father, and never after ear so barren  
a Land for fear it yield me still so bad  
a harvest. I leave it to your honon-  
rable survey, and your Honour to  
your hearts content ; which I wish  
may always answer your own wish,  
and the Worlds hopeful expectation.

Your Honours in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE

VE



# VENUS

## AND

# ADONIS.

**E**ven as the Sun with purple coloured Face,  
 Had ta'n his last Leave of the weeping Morn,  
 Rose-cheek'd *Adonis* hied him to the chase :  
 Hunting he lov'd, but Love he laugh'd to scorn :  
 Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain unto him,  
 And like a bold-fac'd Suter 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than my self (thus she began)  
 The Fields chief Flower, sweet above compare,  
 Stain to all Nymphs, more lovely than a Man,  
 More white and red than Doves or Roses are :  
 Nature that made thee with her self at Strife,  
 Saith that the World hath ending with thy Life.

Vouchsafe, thou Wonder, to alight thy Steed,  
 And rein his proud Head to the Saddle Bow.  
 If thou wilt deign this Favour, for thy meed,  
 A thousand hony Secrets shalt thou know:

## 6 VENUS and ADONIS.

Here come and sit, where Serpents never hisses,  
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their Plenty;  
Making them red and pale with fresh Variety:  
Ten Kisses short as one, one long as twenty.

A Summer's Day will seem an Hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling Sport.

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The President of pith and livelihood,  
And trembling in her Passion calls it balm,  
Earth's sovereign salve to do a Goddess good:

Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,  
Couragiously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty Couriers rein,

Under the other was the tender Boy,

Who blusht and powdred in a dull disdain,

With leaden appetite, unapt to toy,

She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire:

He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,

Nimbly she fastens, (O how quick is love!)

The Steed is stalled up, and even now

To tie the Rider she begins to prove:

Backward she pusht him, as he would be thrust,

And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.



# VENUS and ADONIS.

7

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips.

And kissing speaks, with lussful language broken,  
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open:

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears  
Doth quench the maiden-burning of his cheeks;  
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.

He says she is immodest, blames her misse,  
What follows more, she smoothes with a kiss.

Even as an empty Eagle snapp by fast,  
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuffed, or prey be gone:

Even so she kiss his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:  
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,

Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a Bird lies tangled in a Net,  
So fastned in her arms Adonis lies:

# 8 VENUS and ADONIS.

Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.

Rain added to a River that is rank,  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she intreats, and prettily intreats:

For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale:

Still he is sullen, still he lowres and frets,

Twixt crimson shame, and anger allie pale

Being red she loves him best, and being white,

Her breast is bettered with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot chuse but love,

And by her fair immortal hand she swears,

From his soft bosom never to remove.

Till he take truce with her contending tears,

Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;

And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,

Like a Dive-dapper peering through a wave,

Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:

So offers he to give what she did crave;

But when his Lips were ready for his pay,

He winks and turns his lip another way.

Never did passenger in Summers heat

More thirst for drink, then she for this good turn.

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,

She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn.

Oh

# VENUS and ADONIS. 9

Oh pittie gan she cry, flint-hearted boy,  
'Tis but a kisse I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful God of War,  
Whose sinowy neck in battel ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes in every jar:

Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And beg'd for that which thou unaskt shalt have.

Over my Altars hath he hung his Launce,  
His battred Shield, his uncontrolled Orest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,  
Scorning his churlish Drum, and Ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-ru'd, I over-ruy'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red Rose chain:  
Strong tempered steel his stronger strength obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For marring her that foil'd the God of Fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red):  
The kisse shall be thine own as well as mine.

What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:  
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies,  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

10 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

Art thou asham'd to kifs? then wink again,  
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night,  
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain:  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in fight.

These blew-vein'd Violets whereon we lean  
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender Spring, upon thy tempting lip,  
Shews thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted:  
Make use of time, let not advantage slip,  
Beauty within it self would not be wasted.

Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime,  
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,  
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
Ore-worn, despised, rheumatick and cold,  
Thick-sighted, batten, lean, and lacking juyce;  
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee:  
But having no defects why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,  
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in turning:  
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh as soft and plump, my marrow burning:  
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or like a Fairie, trip upon the green,

Or



VENUS and ADONIS. 11

Or like a Nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing see.

Love is a spirit all compact of Fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire,

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lye,  
The forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me:  
Two strengthless Doves will draw me through the sky  
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.

Is love so light, sweet Boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee.

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thy self, be of thy self rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.

*Narcissus* so himself, himself forlook,  
And dyed to kiss his shadow in the Brook.

Torches are made to light, Jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy Plants to bear:  
Things growing to themselves are growths abuse,  
Seeds spring from seeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,  
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the Earths increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
By Law of Nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live when thou thy self art dead:

And

## 12 VENUS and ADONIS.

And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the Love-sick Queen began to sweat,  
For where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,  
And Titan tyred in the mid-day heat,  
With burning eye did horly overlook them,  
Wishing *Adonis* had his team to guide,  
So he were like him and by *Venus* side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy dark disliking eye,  
His lowering brows o'whelm his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,  
Sowing his cheeks, cries he, no more of love,  
The Sun doth burn my face, I must remove:

Ah me. (quoth *Venus*) young and so unkind?  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone?  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending Sun:  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears:

The Sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
And loe, I lie between the Sun and thee:  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me.

And were I not immortal, life were done  
Between this heavenly and earthly Sun.

*VENUS and ADONIS.* 13

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?  
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth,  
Art thou a womans son, and canst not feel,  
What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?

O had thy mother born so bad a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but dyed unkind.

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this?  
Or what great danger dwels upon my suit?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kifs!  
Speak Fair: but speak fair words or else be mute.

Give me one kifs, I'll give it thee again,  
And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, liveless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well painted Idol, Image dull and dead,  
Statue contenting but the eye alone:  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred,

Thou art no man though of a mans complexion,  
For men will kifs even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause,  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;  
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand;  
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground:

Some-

## 14 VENUS and ADONIS.

Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;  
She would, he will not in her arms be bound :  
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
She locks her Lilly fingers one in one.

Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,  
Within the circuit of this Ivory pale,  
I'll be the Park, and thou shalt be my Deer;  
Feed where thou wilt on mountain or in dale ;  
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie:

Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom grass, and high delightful plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brakes, obscure and rough,  
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:  
Then be my Deer, since I am such a Park,  
No Dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this *Adonis* smiles as in disdain,  
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple,  
Love made those hollows : if himself were slain,  
He might be buried in a tomb so simple :  
Fore-knowing well if there he came to lie,  
Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These loving caves, these round enchanting pits,  
Opened their mouths to swallow *Venus* liking :  
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?  
Strook dead at first, what needs a second striking ?

Poor



## VENUS and ADONIS. 15

Poor Queen of Love in thine own law forlorn,  
To love a cheek that smiles at thee with scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?  
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing :  
The time is spent, her object will away,  
And from her twining arms, doth urge releasing :  
Pitty she crys, some favour, some remorse :  
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse :

But loe, from forth a Copp's that neighbours by,  
A breeding Jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
*Adonis* trampling courser doth espy,  
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :  
The strong neckt Steed being tyed unto a tree  
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he,

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds :  
And now his woven girts he breaks asunder,  
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
Whose hollow womb resounds like heavens thunder :  
The Iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prickt his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass Crest now stands an end :  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
As from a Furnace vapours doth he lend,  
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Some.

## 16 VENUS and ADONIS.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,  
With gentle Majesty, and modest pride,  
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps;  
As who should say, loe, thus my strength is tried,  
And thus I do to captivate the eye,  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his Riders angry flur,  
His flatt'ring Holla, or his Stand, I say?  
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur,  
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?  
He sees his Love, and nothing else he sees:  
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees:

Look when a Painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well proportion'd Steed,  
His Art, with Natures workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed:  
So did his horse excell a common one,  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round hooft, short joynted, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad brest, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:  
Look what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a Feather:

**VENUS and ADONIS. 17**

To hid the wind abase he now prepares,  
And where he run, or flie, they know not whether,  
Forthrough his mane and tail the high wind sings.  
Fanning the hairs, who have like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her :  
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :  
Being proud, as Females are, to see him wooe her,  
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,  
Spurnes at his love, scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,  
He vails his tail : that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent,  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume :  
His love perceiving how he is inrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His testy Master goes about to take him,  
When loe, the unbackt breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left *Adonis* there ;  
As they were mad, unto the Wood they hie them:  
Out-stripping Crows that strive to over-flie them.

All swolne with chafing, down *Adonis* sits,  
Banning his boystrous and unruly Beast :  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick *Love*, by pleading may be blest:

18 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

For Lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,  
When it is bar'd the aidance of the tongue.

An Oven that is stopt, or River staid,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :  
So of concealed sorrow may be said !  
Free vent of words loves fire doth assuage :  
But when the hearts Attorney once is mute,  
The Client breaks, as desperate in his sute.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,  
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind ;  
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
For all asfance he holds her in his eye.

O what a fight it was wistly to view,  
How she came stealing to the wayward Boy,  
To note the fighting conflict of her hiew,  
How white and red each other did destroy :  
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels,  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels :  
His tender cheeks receive her soft hands print,  
Asapt as new fallen snow takes any dint.

Oh



**VENUS and ADONIS. 19**

Oh what a war of looks was then between them ?  
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,  
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them,  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :  
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain,  
With tears which *Chorus* like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A Lilly prison'd in a Jayl of Snow,  
Or Ivory in an Alabaster band,  
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe:  
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Shew'd like to silver Doves thar sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :  
O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound :  
For one sweet look my help I would assure thee,  
Though nothing but my bodys bane would cure  
(thee.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel it ?  
Give me my heart (saith she) and thou shalt have it.  
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it ;  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it ;  
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
Because *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For shame he crys let go, and let me go,  
My days delight is past, my horse is gone,

20 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so,  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.  
For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,  
Is how to get my Palfrey from the Mare.

Thus she replies : thy Palfrey as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :  
Affection is a cole that must be cool'd ;  
Else, suffered, it will set the heart on fire.  
The Sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,  
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a Jade he stood, ty'd to a tree,  
Servilely mastred with a lethern rein ?  
But when he saw his love, his youths fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain,  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hiew than white,  
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight :  
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,  
To touch the fire, the Weather being cold ?

Let me excuse thy Courser, gentle Boy,  
And learn of him I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented Joy,  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.

*VENUS and ADONIS.* 21

O learn to love, the lesson is but plain,  
And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,  
Unless it be a Boar, and then I chase it.  
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,  
My love to love, is love but to disgrace it ;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminished,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :  
The Colt that's backt, and burthen'd being young  
Looseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing : let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat,  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,  
To loves alarm it will not ope the gate.  
Dismiss your vows, your fained tears, your flattery ;  
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What, canst thou talk (quoth she) hast thou a tong,  
O would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing,  
Thy Mermaids voice hath done me double wrong :  
I had my load before, now prest with bearing,  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,  
Earths deep sweet musick, and hearts deep sore  
(wounding.

22 *VENUS and ADDONIS.*

Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love,  
That inward beauty, and invifible :  
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but fenfible.  
Though neither eyes nor ears to hear nor fee,  
Yet fhould I be in love, by touching thee.

Say that the fenfe of reafon were bereft me,  
And that I could not fee, nor hear, nor touch,  
And nothing but the very fmell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be ftill as much,  
For from the Stillatory of thy face excelling,  
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by  
(fmelling.

But oh, what banquet wert thou to the taft,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four ?  
Would they not wifh the feaft fhould ever laft,  
And bid fufpition double lock the door ;  
Left jealousy that fowr unwelcome gueft,  
Should by his ftcaling in difturb the feaft.

Once more the ruby-colour'd Portal open'd,  
Which to his fpeech did hony paffage yield :  
Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd,  
Wrack to the Sea-men, tempeft to the field,  
Sorrow to Shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Guilt and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill prefage advifedly ſhe marketh,  
Even as the wind is huft before it raineth,

Or



*VENUS and ADONIS.* 23

Or as the Wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the Berry breaks before it staineth :  
Or like the deadly bullet of a Gun,  
His meaning stroke her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,  
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth :  
The silly boy believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her :  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent,  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her :  
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
'Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness mar'd,  
He kisses her, and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,  
Her two blew windows faintly she up heaveth :  
Like the fair Sun, when in his fresh array,  
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :

## 24 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

And as the bright Sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixt,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine :  
Were never four such lamps together mixt,  
Had not his clouded, with his brows repine :  
But hers, which thro the Chrystal tears gave light,  
Shone like the Moon in water seen by night;

O where am I (quoth she) in earth or heaven,  
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire ?  
What hour is this, or morn, or weary even ?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire ?

But now I liv'd, and life was deaths annoy :  
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy,

O thou didst kill me, kill me once again,  
Thy eyes, shrew'd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,  
That they have mured this poor heart of mine :  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their Queen,  
But for thy pitious lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure ;  
Oh never let their crimson liveries wear,  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year ;  
That the Star-gazers having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banisht by thy breath.

*VENUS and ADONIS.* 25

Pure lips, sweet seals, in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make still to be sealing?  
To sell my self I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing:  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buyes my heart from me,  
And pay them at thy leasure one by one.  
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say for non-payment that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,  
Before I know my self, seek not to know me:  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears,  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluckt, is sower to taste.

Look, the worlds comforter, with weary gate,  
His days hot task hath ended in the West,  
The Owle (nights Herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest.  
The cole-black clouds that shadow heavens light,  
Doe summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you:  
If you will say so, you shall have a kifs.

Good

## 26 VENUS and ADONIS.

Good night (quoth she) and ere he says adieu,  
The hony wee of parting tendred is ;  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet imbrace,  
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he dis-joyn'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surfet, yet complain on drouth,  
He with her plenty prest, she faint with dearth,  
Their lips together glew'd fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth,  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willet, h,  
Whose vultur thought doth pitch the prize so hie,  
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blind-fold fury she begins to forrage,  
Her face doth reek and smoak, her bloud doth boyl,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage:  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shames pure blush, and honours wrack.

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot Roe, that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward Infant still'd with dandling.

He



## VENUS and ADONIS. 27

He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with tempring,  
And yields at last to every light impression ?  
Things out of hope are compass't oft with ventring,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission :  
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,  
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,  
Such Nectar from his lips she had not suckt :  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a Lover,  
What though the Rose have pricks ? yet it is pluckt,  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pittie now she can no more detain him ;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart :  
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which by *Cupids* bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence engaged in his brest.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, loves master, shall we meet to morrow ?  
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match ?  
He tells her no, to morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The

## 28 VENUS and ADONIS.

The Boar (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing Rose,  
Usurps her cheeks, she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws,  
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her Champion mounted for the hot encounter :  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her although he mount her :  
That worse than *Tantalus* is her annoy,  
To clip *Elysium*, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor Birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,  
Do starve by the eye, and pine the maw ;  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw ;  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain ; good Queen, it will not be,  
She hath assaid as much as may be prov'd,  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee :  
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go,  
You have no reason to with-hold me so.

Thou hadst been gone (quoth she) sweet boye'r this,  
But that thou toldst me thou wouldst hunt the Boar.

*VENUS and ADONIS.* 29

O be advis'd, thou know'st not what it is,  
With javelins point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tuskes never sheath'd, he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal Butcher bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set,  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;  
His eyes, like Glow-worms, shine when he doth fret,  
His snout digs sepulchers, where-e're he goes :  
Being mov'd, he strikes whate're is in his way ;  
And whom he strikes, his crooked tuskes slay.

His brawny sides with hairy bristles armed,  
Are better proof then thy spears point can enter,  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed,  
Being ireful on the Lyon he will venter :  
The thorny brambles, and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes,  
Nor thy soft hand, sweet lips, and chrystal eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;  
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread !)  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O let him keep his loathsome cabin still :  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.  
Come not within his danger by thy will,  
They that thrive well take counsell of their friends.

When

### 30 VENUS and ADONIS.

When thou didst name the Boar, not to dissemble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joynts did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?  
Sawst thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My hoding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy  
Doth call himself affections Centinel,  
Gives false alarmes, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, Kill, Kill,  
Distempring gentle love with his desire,  
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This sower informer, this bare-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up loves tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissensions jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry chafing Boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie  
An image like thy self, all stain'd with gore,  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,  
Doth make them drop with grief, and hang the  
(Head.

What



## VENUS and ADONIS. 33

What should I do? seeing thee so indeed,  
That trembling at th' imagination,  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination.

I prophesie thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the Boar to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying Hare,  
Or at the Fox which lives by subtilty;  
Or at the Roe which no encounter dare:

Pursue these fearful Creatures o're the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy  
(hounds)

And when thou hast on foot the purblind Hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,  
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,  
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:  
The many unfits through the which he goes,  
Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes,

Sometime he runs among the flock of Sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
And sometime where earth-delving Conies keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of Deer.  
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot-scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,

Ceasing

32 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
With much adoe the cold fault cleanly out,  
Then do they spend their mouths, echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor *Wat* far off upon a hill  
Stands on his hinder legs with listning ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :  
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabled wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way :  
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.  
For misery is trodden on by many :  
And being low, never reliev'd by any :

Lie quietly, and hear a little more,  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,  
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boar,  
Unlike my self, thou hear'st me morallize,  
Applying this to that, and so to so ;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave ? No matter where (quoth he)  
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :  
The night is spent. Why, what of that (quoth she?)  
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends.

And

VENUS and ADONIS. 33

And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall :  
In night (quoth she) desire fees best of all:

But if thou fall, oh, then imagine this,  
The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kifs.  
Rich preys make rich men thieves : so do thy lips  
Make modest *Diane* cloudy and forlorn,  
Lest she should steal a kifs and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason;  
*Cynthia* for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treason,  
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,  
Wherein she fram'd thee in hie heavens despite,  
To shame the Sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,  
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure defeature,  
Making it subject to the tyranny  
Of sad mischances and much misery.

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,  
The marrow eating sickness, whose attaint  
Disorder breeds by beating of the blood :  
Surfets, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,  
Swear natures death for framing thee so fair.

D

And

# 34 VENUS and ADONIS.

And not the least of all these maladies,  
But in one minutes sight brings beauty under :  
Both favour, favour, hiew and qualities,  
Whereat th' Imperial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,  
As mountain snow melts with the mid-day Sun.

Therefore, despight of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking *Vestals*, and self-loving *Nuns*,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night,  
Dries up his oyl, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a swallowing Grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity,  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity ?  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride to fair a hope is slain.

So in thy self thy self art made away,  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
Or Butchers Sire, that reaves his son of life.  
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets :  
But Gold that's put to use more Gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled Theam,

The



VENUS and ADONIS. 35

The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream.  
For by this black-fac'd night, desires foul nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love hath lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaids songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown:  
For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there :

Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my brest,  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bed-chamber to be bar'd of rest :  
No Lady, no : my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove ?  
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger,  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embraces unto every stranger.  
You do it for encrease : O strange excuse !  
When reason is the Bawd to lusts abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name ;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed,  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;

## 36 VENUS and ADONIS.

Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
As Caterpillers do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like Sun-shine after rain :  
But lusts effect is tempest after Sun.  
Loves gentle spring doth always fresh remain:  
Lusts Winter comes, ere Summer half be done.  
Love surfets not: lust like a glutton dies.  
Love is all truth: lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The Text is old, the Orator too green;  
Therefore in sadness now I will away,  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;  
Mine ears that to your wanton calls attended,  
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast.  
And homeward through the dark lanes runs apace!  
Leaves love upon her back deeply distressed.

Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore,  
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend.  
So did the merciless and pitchie night,  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat

*VENUS and ADONIS.* 37

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropt a precious Jewel in the flood,  
Or 'stonisht as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood :  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she bears her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour-caves as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans :  
Passion on passion, deeply is redoubled :  
Ay me, she cries, and twenty times, woe, woe,  
And twenty ecchoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty,  
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote,  
How love is wise in folly, foolish witty :  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the Quire of Ecchoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers hours are long, though seeming short :  
It pleas'd themselves, others they think delight  
In such like circumstance, with such like sport.  
Their copious Stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal  
But idle sounds, resembling Parasites,

D 3

Like

# 38 VENUS and ADONIS.

Like shrill-tongu'd Tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humor of fantastick wits?

She said, 'tis so: they answer all, 'tis so:  
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo here the gentle Lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The Sun riseth in his Majesty:

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The Cedar tops and hills seem burnisht gold.

*Venus* salutes him with this fair good morrow;  
O thou clear God, and Patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauties influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son, that suckt an earthly mother;  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a Mirtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much ore-worn,  
And yet she hears no tydings of her love,  
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:  
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay,  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,

Like



*VENUS and ADONIS.* 39

Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,  
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the Hounds are at a bay,  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an Adder,  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder :  
Even so the timorous yelping of the Hounds,  
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chafe,  
But the blunt Boar, rough Bear, or Lion proud :  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all strain curt'ie who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Through which it enters to surprize her heart :  
Who overcomes by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part :  
Like Soldiers when their Captain once doth yield,  
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,  
'Till chearing up her senses sore dismay'd,  
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasie,  
And childish error that they are afraid,  
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more :  
And with that word she spied the hunted Boar :

40 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires to rate the Boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,  
She treads the paths that she untreads again,  
Her more then haste is marred with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting;  
In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds an hound,  
And asks the weary Caitif for his Master,  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaister,  
And here she meets another sadly scolding,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceast his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner black and grim,  
Against the Welkin vollies out his voice,  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratcht ears, bleeding as they go.  
Look how the worlds poor people are amazed  
At Apparitions, signs, and prodigies,

Whereon

*VENUS and ADONIS.* 41

Whereon with fearful Eyes they long have gazed,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies,

So she, at these sad signs, draws up her breath,  
And, sighing it again; exclaims on death.

Hard-favoured Tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of Love (thus chides she Death)  
Grim-grinning Ghost, earths worm, what dost thou  
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath? (mean,  
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the Rose, smell to the Violet.

If he be dead, O no; it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it.

O yes, it may: thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

Thy Mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an Infants heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power:  
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,  
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckest a flower:  
Loves golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not Deaths Ebon Dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such wee-  
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? (ping?  
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now

## 42 VENUS and ADONIS.

Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,  
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She veil'd her eye-lids, who like sluices stopt  
The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair,  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt.

But thro' the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again,

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !  
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye,  
Both crystals, where they view'd each others sorrow,  
Sorrow, that friendly fights sought still to dry :  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throug her constant woe,  
As striving which should best become her grief.  
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief :  
But none is best, then join they altogether,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off, she hears some Huntsman hollow :  
A Nurses song ne're pleas'd her babe so well :  
The dire imagination, she did follow,  
This sound of hope doth labour to expell :  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her, it is Adonis voice,

Whereat



VENUS and ADONIS. 43

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass :  
Yet sometime falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts ? as scorning it should pass  
To wash the foul face of the fluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !  
Thy weal and woe, are both of them extreams,  
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
With likely thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought,  
*Adonis* lives ; and death is not to blame :  
It was not she that call'd him all to nought,  
Now she adds honor to his hateful name,  
She cleeps him King of graves, and Grave for Kings,  
Imperial supreme of all mortal things.

No, no (quoth she) sweet death I did but jest ;  
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
When as I met the Bear, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no Pity, but is still severe :  
Then gentle shadow (truth I must confess)  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my loves decease.

'Tis not my fault : the Bear provok't my tongue,  
Be wreak't on him (invifible commander)

'Tis

#### 44 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,  
I did but aſt, he's Author of thy ſlander.

Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
Could rule them both without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is alive,  
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate ;  
And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With death ſhe humbly doth infinuate ;  
Tells him of Trophies, Statues, Tombs, & Stories,  
His Victories, his Triumphs, and his Glories.

O Jove, quoth ſhe, how much a fool was I,  
To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly mind,  
To wail his death, who lives, and muſt not dye,  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !

For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,  
And beauty dead, black Chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art ſo full of fear,  
As one with treaſure laden, hem'd with thieves :  
Trifles (unwitnessed with eye or ear)  
Thy coward heart, with falſe bethinking grieves :  
Even at this word ſhe hears a merry horn,  
Whereat ſhe leaps that was but late forlorn.

As Faulcon to the lure away ſhe flies :  
The graſs ſloops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,  
And in her haſte unfortunately ſpies  
The foul Boars conqueſt on her fair delight.

Which

## VENUS and ADONIS. 45

Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,  
Like Stars, asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the Snail, whose tender horns being hit  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again :

So, at his bloody view her eyes are fled,  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they resign'd their office and their light,  
To the disposing of her troubled brain :  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again,  
Who like a King perplexed in his Throne,  
By their suggestions gives a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributary Subject quakes,  
As when the wind imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes;  
Which with cold terrors doth mens mind confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprize,  
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes.

And, being opened, threw unwilling sight  
Upon the wide wound that the Boar had trencht  
In his soft flank : whose wonted Lilly white  
With purple Tears, that his wound wept, was drencht.  
No flower was nigh, no grafs, herb, leaf or weed,  
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This

## 46 VENUS and ADONIS

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,  
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,  
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth,  
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:  
 Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow,  
 Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,  
 That her sight dazzling, makes the wound seem three,  
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be:  
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,  
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled:

My tongue cannot express my grief for one;  
 And yet (quoth she) behold two Adons dead;  
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone;  
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,  
 Heavy hearts lead melt at mine eyes as fire:  
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost?  
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
 Whose tongue is musick now? what canst thou boast  
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh & trim;  
 But true sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him:

Bonnet or veile, henceforth no creature wear;  
 Nor Sun nor Wind will ever strive to kiss you:



## VENUS and ADDONIS. 27

Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;  
The Sun doth scorn you, & the Wind doth hiss you.  
But when *Addonis* liv'd, Sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

And therefore would he put his Bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gawdy Sun would peep;  
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,  
Play with his locks, then would *Addonis* weep :

And straight in pity of his tender years,  
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

To see his face, the Lyon walks along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him :  
To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
The Tygre would be tame, and gently hear him :

If he had spoke, the Wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly Lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in a Brook,  
There fishes Ipreed on it their golden gills :  
When he was by, the Birds such pleasure took,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills

Would bring him Mulberries, & ripe red Cherries,  
He fed them with his sight, they him with Berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin snouted Boar,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave;  
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore :  
Witness the entertainment that he gave :

If

## 48 VENUS and ADONIS.

If he did see his face, why then I know,  
He thought to kifs him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* slain,  
He ran upon the Boar with his sharp spear,  
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,  
But, by a kifs, thought to perswade him there :  
And, nuzzling in his flank, the loving Swine,  
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groine.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
With kissing him, I should have kill'd him first,  
But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My mouth with his ; the more I am accurst ;  
With this she falleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;  
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,  
As if he heard the woful words she told :  
She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes,  
Where loe, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.

Two glasses, where her self her self beheld  
A thousand times, and now, no more reflect,  
Their vertue lost, wherein they late excel'd,  
And every beauty rob'd of his effect :

Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,  
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light

Since

*VENUS and ADONIS.* 49

Since thou art dead, loe here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unfavoury end,  
Ne're settled equally, too high or low ;  
That all loves pleasures shall not match his woo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,  
The bottom poison, and the top ore-straw'd  
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile.  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;  
The staring Russian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures,  
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;  
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving, when it seems most just :  
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,  
And set dissention 'twixt the Son and Sire,

E

Subject

150 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustible matter is to fire:  
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

By this, the Boy that by her side lay kill'd,  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up checker'd with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood,  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath:  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is rest from her by death:  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,  
(Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling Sire)  
For every little grief to wet his eyes,  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 'tis thine: but know, it is as good  
To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my brest,  
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:  
Loe, in this hollow Cradle take thy rest,  
My thrubbing heart shall rock thee day and night:

There



## VENUS and ADONIS. 51

There shall not be one minute of an hour,  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet Loves flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver Doves, by whose swift aid  
Their Mistress mounted, through the empty skies  
In her light Chariot quickly is convey'd,  
Holding their course to *Paphos*, where their Queen  
Means to immure her self, and not be seen.

FINIS.

---

E 2 THE

# NEWTON AND ADONIS.

There shall not be one minute of an hour  
When I will not kiss my sweetest lover's brow.

This world of the world, as they say,  
And makes her river flow, by which I say  
That I will kiss my sweetest lover's brow,  
In the light of Christ's quickly is coming,  
And I will kiss my sweetest lover's brow,  
And I will kiss my sweetest lover's brow,



THE

THE  
RAPE  
OF  
LUCRECE.

---

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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LONDON:  
Printed in the Year 1609.

RECEIVED  
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43

543

Printed in the Year 1800.



To the Right Honourable  
*Henry Wriothesly,*

Earl of Southampton, and Baron of  
*Tichfield.*



THE Love I dedicate  
 to your Lordship is  
 without end: where-  
 of this Pamphlet,  
 without beginning,  
 is but a superfluous  
 Moisty. The war-  
 rant I have of your

Honourable Disposition, not the Worth of  
 my untutor'd Lines makes it assured of  
 acceptance. What I have done is yours,  
 what I have to do is yours, being part in  
 all I have devoted yours. Were my  
 worth greater, my duty should shew great-  
 er: mean time, as it is, it is bound to  
 your Lordship; To whom I wish long life  
 still, lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordships in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

*The Argument.*

**L**Ucius *Tarquinius* (for his excessive Pride surnamed *Superbus*) after he had caused his own Father in law, *Servius Tullius*, to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the *Roman* Laws and Customs, not requiring or staying for the Peoples suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went accompanied with his sons, and other noble men of *Rome* to besiege *Ardea*: during which, the principal men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of *Sextus Tarquinius*, the kings son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom *Colatinus* extolled the incomparable chastity of his Wife *Lucretia*. In that pleasant humor they all posted to *Rome*, and intending by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only *Colatinus* finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: The other Ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noble men yielded *Colatinus* the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time *Sextus Tarquinius* being enflamed with *Lucreces* beauty; yet smothering his Passion for the present, departed with the rest back to the Camp, from whence he shortly after privily with-drew himself, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by *Lucretia* at *Colatium*. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her

### The Argument.

her Chamber, violently ravishd her, and early in the morning speedeth away. *Lucrece* in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to *Rome* for her father, another to the Camp for *Colatine*. They came, the one accompanied with *Junius Brutus*, the other with *Publius Valerius*: and finding *Lucrece* attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the act, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the *Tarquins*; and bearing the dead body to *Rome*, *Brutus* acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moved with one consent, and a general acclamation, that the *Tarquins* were all exiled, and the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.

The Contents.

1. Lucrece praises for chaste, virtuous, and beautiful enamoureth Tarquin.
2. Tarquin welcomed by Lucrece.
3. Tarquin overthrows all disputing with wilfulness.
4. He puts his resolution in practice.
5. Lucrece awakes, and is amazed to be so surprized.
6. She pleads in defence of Chastity.
7. Tarquin all impatient, interrupteth her, and ravisheth her by force.
8. Lucrece complains on her abuse.
9. She disputeth whether she should kill her self or no.
10. She is resolved on her self-murther, yet sendeth first for her husband.
11. Collatinus with his friends return home.
12. Lucrece relateth the mischief; they swear revenge, and she to exasperate the matter, killeth her self.

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THE  
R A P E  
OF  
L U C R E C E

From the besieged *Ardea* all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed *Tarquin* leaves the *Roman* host,  
And to *Colatium* bears the lightless fire,  
Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist,  
Of *Colatines* fair love, *Lucrece* the chaste.  
Haply that name of chaste, unhaply saw  
This bateless edge on his keene appetite:  
When *Colatine* unwisely did not let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white,  
Which triumph in that skie of his delight,  
Where mortal *Saras* bright as heavens beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

The prai-  
sing of  
Lucrece  
as chaste,  
vertuous,  
and beau-  
tiful,  
maketh  
Tarquin

For he the night before in *Tarquin's* tent,  
 Unlockt the treasure of his happy state :  
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
 In the possession of his beauteous mate,  
 Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate,  
 That Kings might be espoused to more fame :  
 But King nor Prince to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoyed but of a few,  
 And if posselt, as soon decay'd and done :  
 As if the mornings silver melting dew,  
 Against the golden splendor of the sun,  
 A date expir'd, and cancel'd ere begun:  
 Honor and beauty in the owners arms,  
 Are weakly fortrest from a world of harms.

Beauty it self doth of it self perswade  
 The eyes of men without an orator,  
 What needeth then apologies be made  
 To set forth that which is so singular?  
 Or why is *Colatius* the publisher  
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown,  
 From theevish ears because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of *Lucrece* Sov'rainty,  
 Suggested this proud issue of a King :  
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be,  
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing  
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting

His

## The Rape of Lucrece.

61

His high pitch't thoughts, that meaner men should  
The golden hap which their superiors want. (vaunt

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all too timeles speed, if none of those ;  
His honor, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes,  
To quench the coal which in his liver grows.  
O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts and ne're grows old.

When at *Colatia* this false Lord arrived,  
Well was he welcom'd by the *Roman* dame,  
Within whose face beauty and vertue strived,  
Which of them both should underprop her fame,  
When vertue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame,  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Vertue would stain that o're with silver white.

2.  
Tarquin  
welcomed  
by Lu-  
crece.

But beauty in that white intireled,  
From *Venus* doves doth challenge that fair field,  
Then vertue claims from beauty beauties red,  
Which vertue gave the golden age to gild  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield,  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This *Herauldry* in *Lucrece* Face was seen,  
Argued by beauties red and vertues white,  
Of eithers colour was the other Queen ;

Proving

Proving from worlds minority their right,  
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:  
 The Sov'reignty of either being so great,  
 That oft they interchange each others seat.

This silent war of Lillies and of Roses,  
 Which *Targuin* view'd in her fair faces field,  
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses,  
 Where least between them both it should be kill'd,  
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
 To those two armies that would let him goe,  
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband shallow tongue;  
 The niggard *Pondigal* that prais'd her so,  
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong;  
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
 Therefore that praise which *Colatius* doth owe,  
 Enchanted *Targuin* answers with surmise,  
 In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly Saint adored by this Devil,  
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper;  
 "For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on evil,  
 "Birds never lin'd, no secret bushes fear;  
 So guiltless she securely gives good chear,  
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express.

For that he coloured with his high estate,  
 Hiding base sin in pleats of Majesty;

That



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

63

That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which having all, all could not satisfie;  
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,  
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop't with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies  
Writ in the glasse margents of such books,  
She toucht no unknown baits, nor dar'd no hooks,  
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful *Italy*;  
And decks with praises *Colatines* high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;  
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express;  
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there;  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair *Welkin* once appear,  
Till fable might sad source of dread and fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison shuts the day.

For

For then is *Tarquin* brought unto his bed,  
 Intending weariness with heavy spright :  
 For after supper long he questioned  
 With modest *Lucrece*, and wore out the night :  
 Now leaden slumber with lives strength doth fight,  
 And every one to rest themselves betake,  
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that  
 (wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie revolving  
 The sundry dangers of his wills obtaining :  
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
 Tho weak-built hopes perswade him to abstaining,  
 Despair to gain doth traffique oft for gaining,  
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed,  
 Tho death be adjunct, there's no death supposed,

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
 That oft they have not that which they possess,  
 They scatter and unloose it from the bond,  
 And so by hoping more they have but less,  
 Or gaining more the profit of excess,  
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
 That they prove bankrout in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
 With honour, wealth and ease, in wayning age :  
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
 That one for all, or all for one we gage :  
 As life for honor, in fell battles rage,

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

65

Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in ventring all, we leave to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect :  
And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have : so then we do neglect  
The thing we have, and all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting *Tarquin* make,  
Pawning his honor to obtain his lust ;  
And for himself, himself he must forsake ;  
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself, himself confounds, betrays  
To slanderous tongues the wretched hateful lays ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eye,  
No comfortable starre did lend his light,  
No noise but Owles and Wolves death-boding cries :  
Now serves the season that they may surprize  
The silly Lambs, pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While Lust and Murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful Lord leapt from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arm,  
Is madly tost between desire and dread ;

3.  
*Tarquin*  
*disputing*  
*the mat-*  
*ter, at last*  
*resolves to*  
*satisfie his*  
*lust.*

Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm :  
 But honest fear, bewicht with lusts foul charm,  
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His Fauchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire doth flie,  
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
 Which must be load-star to his lustful eye,  
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly ;  
 As from this cold flint I enforst this fire,  
 So *Lucrece* must I force to my desire.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
 The dangers of his lothsome enterprize,  
 And in his inward mind he doth debate  
 What following sorrow may on this arise :  
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
 His naked armor of still slaughtered lust,  
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch burn out thy light, and lend it not,  
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine :  
 And die unhallowed thoughts before you blot  
 With your uncleanness that which is divine ;  
 Offer pure incense to so pure a Shrine :  
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed,  
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white  
 (weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms,  
 O foul dishonour to my households grave :



*The Rape of Lucrece.* . 67

O impious Act including all foul harmes,  
A martial man to be soft fancies slave,  
True valour still a true respect should have;  
Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face:

Yes though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-fore in my golden Coat:  
Some loathsome dafh the Herald will contrive,  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote:  
That my Posterity sham'd with the note  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,  
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,  
Who buys a minutes mirth to waile a week?  
Or sells Eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
Or what fond beggar but to touch the crowne?  
Would with the scepter straight be stricken down.

If *Colatimus* dream of my Intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This sieg that hath ingirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying vertue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O what excuse can my invention make  
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed :  
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake ?  
 Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed ?  
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,  
 And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,  
 But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had Colatinus kill'd my Son or Sire,  
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life ;  
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;  
 As in revenge or quital of such strife :  
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is, if once the fact be known,  
 Hateful it is ; there is no hate in loving,  
 I'll beg her love : but she is not her own ;  
 The worst is but denial, and reproving.  
 My will is strong, past reasons weak removing.  
 Who fears a sentence or an old mans sawe,  
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (graceless) holds he disputation,  
 Tweene frozen conscience and hot burning will,  
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
 Urging the worser sense for vantage still.  
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

69

All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shews like a vertuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tydings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some bad news from the warlike band  
Where her beloved *Colatinus* lies.

O how her fear did make her colour rise ?

First red as *Roses* that on *Lawn* we lay,  
Then white as *Lawn* the *Roses* took away.

And now her hand in my hand being lockt,  
Forst it to tremble with her loyal fear :  
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,  
Until her *Husbands* welfare she did hear,  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheare,  
That had *Narcissus* seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?  
All Orators are dumb when beauty pleads,  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses,  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreads,  
Affection is my Captain and he leads :  
And when this gaudy banner is displaid,  
The Coward fights, and will not be dismaid.

Then childish fear ayant, debating die,  
Respect and Reason wait on wrinkled age :  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye,

Sad Pause and deep Regard befeems the Sage,  
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage;  
 Desire my pilot is, Beauty my prise,  
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies,

As corn ore-grown by weeds, so heedful fear  
 Is almost cloakt by unresisted lust,  
 Away he steals with open listning care,  
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust:  
 Both which as servitors to the unjust,  
 So crosse him with their opposite Perswasion,  
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion,

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
 And in the self same seat sits *Colatine*,  
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits,  
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine  
 Unto a view so false will not encline:  
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
 Which once corrupted, takes the worser part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
 Who flattered by their leaders jocund show,  
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up howers:  
 And as their Captain, so their pride doth grow;  
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led  
 The Romane Lord doth march to *Lucrece* bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
 Each one by him enforst, recites his ward,

But



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

71

But as they open, they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping theefe to some regard.  
The threshold grates the dore to have him heard :  
Night-wandring Weezels shreeke to see him there,  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place,  
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucrecia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks ;  
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inur'd, return again in hast,  
Thou seest our Mistress ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him,  
He in the worst sense construes their denial ;  
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of tryal ;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingring stay his course doth let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.



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The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluckt up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide,  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owle will catch,  
Thus treason works e're traitors be espied :  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside ;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the Chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed :  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rouling his greedy eye-balls in his head,  
By their high treason is his heart misled :  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand too soon,  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver Moon.

Looke as the fair and fiery pointed Sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight :  
Even so the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded, with a greater light.  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright  
That dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,  
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darksome prison died,  
Then had they seen the period of their ill ;  
Then *Colatine* again by *Lucrece* side,

In

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In his cleere bed might have reposed still :  
 But they must ope this blessed league to kill,  
 And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their fight,  
 Must sell her joy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her lilly hand her rosie cheekes lies under,  
 Coozening the pillow of a lawful kisse ;  
 Who therefore angry seems to part in sunder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse,  
 Between whose hils her head intombed is,  
 Where like a vertuous monument she lies,  
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
 On the green coverlet, whose perfect white  
 Show'd like an *April* dazie on the grasse,  
 With pearly swet, resembling dew of night.  
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,  
 And canopied in darknesse sweetly lay,  
 Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her hair like golden threds plaid with her breath,  
 O modest wantons, wanton modesty !  
 Showring lifes triumph in the map of death,  
 And deaths dim looke in lives mortality.  
 Each in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,  
 As if betweene them twaine there was no strife,  
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her brests like ivory globes circled with blew,  
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered :

Save



## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

275

Save of their Lord no beaſing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured.

Theſe worlds in *Tarquin* new ambition bred ;

Who like a foul uſurper went about

From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he ſee, but mightily he noted ?

What did he note, but ſtrongly he deſired ?

What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,

And in his will his wilful eye he tyred.

With more than admiration he admired

Her azure veins, her alabaſter ſkin,

Her coral lips, her ſnow-white dimpled chin,

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his prey,

Sharpe hunger by the conqueſt ſatisfied :

So ore this ſleeping ſoul doth *Tarquin* ſlay,

His rage of luſt by gazing qualified ;

Slackt, not ſuppreſt, for ſtanding by her ſide,

His eye which late this mutiny reſtrains,

Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they like ſtragling ſlaves for pillage fighting,

Obdurate vaffals ſell exploits effecting ;

In bloody death and raviſhment delighting,

Nor childrens tears, nor mothers groans reſpecting,

Swell in their pride the onſet ſtill expecting,

Anon his beating heart alarum ſtriking,

Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their li-

(king.

His

His drumming heart cheares up his burning eye,  
 His eye commends the leading to his hand :  
 His hand as proud of such a dignity,  
 Smoaking with pride, marcht on to make his stand  
 On her bare breasts, the heart of all her land,  
 Whose ranks of blew veins as his hands did scale,  
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet,  
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
 And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
 She much amaz'd breaks ope her lockt up eyes,  
 Who peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
 Are by his flaming torch dim'd and control'd:

Imagine her as one in dead of night,  
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
 That thinks she hath beheld some gassly sprite,  
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking,  
 What terrour 'tis : but she in worser taking,  
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
 The fight which makes supposed terror rue.

5.      Wrapt and confounded in a thousand feares,  
 Lucretia Like to a new-kild bird she trembling lies :  
 She dares not looke, yet winking there appears  
 Quicke shifting Antiques ugly in her eyes,  
 Such shadows are the weak braines forgeries;

*Lucretia  
 wakes a-  
 mazed and  
 confoun-  
 ded to be so  
 surprized.*

Who

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Who angry that the eyes flie from their lights,  
In darknes daunts them with more dreadful fights.

His hand that yet remaines upon her brest,  
(Rude Ram to batter such an Ivory wall :)  
May feele her heart (poor citizen) distressed,  
Wounding it self to death, rise up and fall :  
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withal.  
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet City.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin  
To sound a Parley to his heartles foe,  
Who ore the white sheet peeres her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarme to know,  
Which he by dumbe demeanor seekes to show :  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies, the colour in this face,  
That even for anger makes the Lily pale,  
And the red Rose blush at her own disgrace,  
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale,  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
They never conquer'd Fort, the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee: if thou meane to chide,  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide ;

My

My will that markes thee for my earths delight,  
Which I to conquer fought with all my might.

But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempts will bring,  
I know what thornes the growing rose defends,  
I think the hony guarded with a sting,  
All this beforehand counsel comprehends;  
But will is deafe, and heares no heedful friends.

Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he lookes, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated even in my soule,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed,  
But nothing can affections course controule,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed,  
I know repentant teares insue the deed.

Reproch, disdaine, and deadly enmity,  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy:

This said, he shakes aloft his *Romane* blade,  
Which like a Faulcon towring in the skies,  
Couchet the fowle below with his wings shade,  
Whose crook beake threats, if he mount he dies:  
So under the insulting Fauchion lies

Harmlesse *Lucrecia*, marking what he tels,  
With trembling feare, as fowle hear Faulcons bels



*Lucrece*, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee;  
If thou deny, then force must worke my way:  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee,  
That done, some worthlesse slave of thine ile slay,  
To kill thine honor with thy lives decay:  
And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,  
Swearing I flew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain,  
The scornful mark of every open eye;  
The kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blurd with namelesse bastardy;  
And thou the Author of their obloquy,  
Shall have thy trespasse cited up in rhimes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend,  
The fault unknown is as though unacted,  
A little harme done to a great good end,  
For lawfull policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In purest compounds; being so applied,  
His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy children sake,  
Tender my suit, bequeath not to their lor  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot:  
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hours blot:

For markes defcried in mens nativity,  
Are Natures faults, not their owne infamy.

Here with a Cockatrice dead killing eye,  
He rowseth up himself, and makes a pause,  
While she the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white Hinde beneath the gripes sharp claws,  
Pleads in a wilderness where are no lawes,  
To the rough beast, that knowes no gentle right,  
Nor ought obeyes but his fowl appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,  
In his dim mist the aspiring mountaine hiding,  
From earths dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
Which blow these pitchy vapours from their biding,  
Hindring their present fall by this dividing.

So his unhallowed haste her words delaies,  
And moody *Pluto* winkes while *Orpheus* plays.

Yet foule night waking Cat he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth;  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly;  
A swallowing gulfe that even in plenty wanteth;  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining,  
Tears harden lust, tho marble wears with raining.

Her pittie pleading eyes are sadly fixed  
In the remorselesse wrinkles of his face:  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,

Which

Which to her Oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place,  
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks;  
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty *Jove*,  
By Knighthood, Gentry, and sweet Friendships oath,  
By her untimely tears, her Husbands love,  
By holy humane law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the powers of both,  
That to his borrowed bed he may retire,  
And sloop to honor, not to foul desire.

6.  
*Lucrece  
pleadeth  
in defence  
of chastity,  
and ex-  
probateth  
his uncivil  
lust.*

Quoth she, reward not Hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended,  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,  
Marre not the thing that cannot be amended:  
End thy ill ayme, before thy shoot be ended.  
He is no Wood-man that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable Doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;  
Thy self art mighty, for thine own sake leave me:  
My self a weakeling, do not then insnare me:  
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me.  
My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee,  
If ever man was mov'd with woman's mones,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky, and wrack-threatning heart,

To soften it with their continual motion :  
 For stones dissolv'd, to Water doe convert.  
 Or if no harder than a stone thou art,  
 Melt at my teares and be compassionate,  
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In *Tarquins* likenesse I did entertain thee,  
 Hast thou put on his Shape to do him shame ?  
 To all the host of Heaven I complain me,  
 Thou wrongst his honor, woundst his princely name,  
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King ?  
 For Kings like Gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?  
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
 What dar'd thou not when once thou art a King ?  
 O be remembred, no outrageous thing  
 From vassal Actors can be wipt away  
 Then Kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed shall make thee only low'd for feare,  
 But happy Monarchs still are fear'd for love :  
 With foul offenders thou perforce must beare,  
 When they in thee the like offences prove :  
 If but for fear of this, they will remove,  
 For Princes are the glasse, the school, the booke,  
 Where Subjects eyes do learn, do read, do looke.

And



And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn ?

Must he in thee read Lectures of such shame ?

Wilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discern

Authority for sin, warrant for blame ?

To privilege dishonour in thy name.

Thou back'st reproch against long living laud,

And mak'st fair Reputation but a baud.

Hast thou commanded ? by him that gave it thee ;

From a pure heart command thy rebel will :

Draw not thy sword to gard iniquity,

For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.

Thy princely office how can'st thou fulfill

When patternd by thy fault, foul sin may say,

He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,

To view thy present trespass in another :

Mens faults do seldom to themselves appear,

Their own transgressions partially they smother ;

This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.

O how are they wrapt in with infamies,

That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes.

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeal,

Not to seducing lust thy rash reply :

I sue for exil'd majesties repeal,

Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire.

His true respect will prison false desire,

And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pittie mine.

7. *Tarquin* Have done, quoth he, my uncontrolled tide  
*all impatient inter-* Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
*rups her, and denied* Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
*of consent, breaketh* And with the winde in greater fury fret :  
*the enclosure of her* The pretty streams that pay a dayly debt  
*chastity by* To their salt sovereign with their fresh falls hast,  
*force.* Add to this flow, but alter not the taste.

Thou art, (quoth she) a sea, a sovereign King,  
And loe, there falls into thy boundless flood,  
Black Lust, Dishonour, Shame, Misgoverning,  
Who seek to staine the Ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle wombe is berfed,  
And not the puddle in thy sea disperfed.

So shall these slaves be King, and thou their slave :  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified :  
Thou their faire life, and they thy fouler grave :  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride,  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.

The Cedar sloopes not to the base shrubs foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the Cedars root.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state.  
No more, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear thee :  
Yeld to my love, if not, enforced hate

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

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Instead of loves coy touch shall rudely teare thee :  
That done, despightfully I mean to bear thee  
Unto the base bed of some rascal groome,  
To be thy partner in this shameful doome.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
Forlight and lust are deadly enemies :  
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
The Wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor Lamb cries,  
Till with her own white fleece her voice controld,  
Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly linnen that she wears,  
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,  
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears,  
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O that foule lust should staine so pure a bed :  
The spots whereof could weeping purifie;  
Her teares should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
And he hath won what he would lose again :  
This forced league doth force a further strife,  
This momentary joy breeds moneths of pain,  
This hot desire converts to cold disdain :  
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the ful-fed Hound or gorged Hawke,  
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether bauke  
 The prey wherein by Nature they delight :  
 So surfet-taking *Tarquin* fears this night.  
 His taste delicious, in digestion fowring,  
 Devoures his will, that liv'd by foule devouring,

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
 Can comprehend in still imagination !  
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,  
 Ere he can see his own abomination.  
 While lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
 Can curbe his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
 Till like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheeke,  
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
 Feeble desire all recreant, poor and meek,  
 Like to a bankerout begger wailes his case :  
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,  
 For there it revels, and when that decays,  
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of *Rome*,  
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chafed :  
 For now against himself he sounds this doome,  
 That thro' the length of time he stands disgraced,  
 Besides, his Souls fair temple is defaced :



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To whose weak raines muster troops of cares,  
To ask the spotted Princeesse how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foule insurrection  
Have battred downe her consecrated wall,  
And by their morral fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death and paine perpetual.

Which in her prescience she controled still,  
But her foresight could not forestal their will.

Even in this thought thro the dark night he stealeth  
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will despight of Cure remain,  
Leaving his spoil perplext in greater pain.

She bears the load of Iust he left behind,  
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a theevish dog creepes sadly thence,  
She like a wearied Lamb lies panting there :  
He scowles and hates himself for his offence,  
She desperate, with her nails, her flesh doth tear.  
He faintly flies, swearing with guilty fear ;  
She staires exclaiming on the drestful night ;  
He runs and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,  
She there remains a hopeles cast-away :  
He in his speed looks for the morning light,

She prays she never may behold the day,  
 For day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay :  
 And my true eyes have never practised how  
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see  
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;  
 And therefore would they still in darknesse lie,  
 To have their unseen sin remain untold :  
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
 And grave, like water that doth eate in steel,  
 Upon my cheeks what helpelesse shame I feel.

8.  
 Lucrece  
 thus abused,  
 complains  
 of  
 her misery.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind ;  
 She wakes her heart by beating on her brest,  
 And bids it leap from thence where it may finde  
 Some purer chest, to close so pure a minde.  
 Frantick with grief thus breaths she forth her spight,  
 Against the unseen secrecy of night,

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,  
 Dim register and notary of shame,  
 Black stage for tragedies and murthers fell,  
 Vast sinne-concealing Chaos, nurse of blame,  
 Blind muffled bawde, dark harbor of defame !  
 Grim cave of death, whispring conspirator,  
 With close-tongued treason, and the ravisher !

O hateful, vaporous and foggy night,  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime :  
Muste thy mists to meet the Easterne light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of time :  
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime  
His wonted height, yet ere he goe to bed,  
Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning ayre,  
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sicke  
The life of purity, the supreme faire,  
Ere he arriv'd his weary noon-tide pricke,  
And let thy misty vapors march so thicke,  
That in their smoaky rankes his smother'd light  
May set at noone and make perpetual night.

Were *Tarquin* night as he is but nights child,  
The silver shining Queene he would disdain,  
Her twinckling handmaids too (by him defil'd)  
Through Nights black bosom should not peep againe  
So should I have copartners in my paine:  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As Palmers that make short their Pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,  
To crosse their arms and hang their heads with mine,  
To maske their browes and hide their infamy,  
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,

Ming-

Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with grones,  
Poore wasting monuments of lasting mones.

O night, thou furnace of foule recking smoke,  
Let not the jealous day behold that face  
Which underneath thy black all hiding cloake  
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy raign are made,  
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tel-tale day,  
The light shall shew charactred in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastities decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlockes vow.  
Yea, the illiterate that know not how  
To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will quote my lothsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse to still her child will tell my story;  
And fright her crying babe with *Tarquins* name :  
The Orator to deck his oratory,  
Will couple my reproch to *Tarquins* shame,  
Feast finding minstrels tuning my defame  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatins*.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
For *Colatins* dear love be kept unspotted :  
If that be made a theame for disputation,



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The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,  
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,  
As I, ere this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O unseen shame, invifible difgrace !  
O unfelt fore, creft-wounding private fear !  
Reproch is ftampt in *Colatinus* face,  
And *Tarquin's* eye may read the mote afar,  
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

Alas how many bear fuch shameful blows,  
Which not themfelves, but he that gives them  
(knows ?

If *Colatine*, thine honor lay in me,  
From me by ftrong affault it is bereft :  
My hony loft, and I'a Drone-like Bee,  
Have no Perfection of my fommer left,  
But rob'd and ranfackt by injurious theft.

In thy weak hive a wandring waspe hath crept,  
And fuckt the hony which thy chaff Bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honor's wrack;  
Yet for thy honor did I entertain him ;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been difhonor to difdaine him ;  
Besides of wearineffe he did complain him :  
And talkt of vertue, (O unlookt for evil,  
When vertue is prophand in fuch a Devil !)

Why

Why should the worme intrude the maiden bud ?  
 Or hateful Cuckows hatch in Sparrows nests ?  
 Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud ?  
 Or Tyrant folly lurke in gentle brests ?  
 Or Kings be breakers of their own behests ?

But no perfection is so absolute,  
 That some iniquity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,  
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and goutts, and painful fits,  
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
 But like still pining *Tantalus* he fits,  
 And useles bans the harvest of his wits ;  
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,  
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,  
 And leaves it to be master'd by his yong ;  
 Who in their pride doe presently abuse it :  
 Their Father was too weak, and they too strong,  
 To hold their cursed blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish oft turn to loathed sours,  
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,  
 Unwhollsome weeds take root with precious flowers,  
 The Adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing,  
 What vertue breeds, iniquity devours :  
 We have no good that we can say is ours ;

But

But ill annexed Opportunity,  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great ;  
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitors treason ;  
Thou sets the Wolfe where he the Lamb may get :  
Who ever plots the sin, thou points the season ;  
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason.  
And in thy shady cell where none may spy her,  
Sits sin to seaze the souls that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the Vestal violate her oath :  
Thou blowst the fire when Temperance is thawd :  
Thou smotherst honesty, thou murderst troth ;  
Thou foul abettor, thou notorious baud ;  
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud.  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy hony turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a publick fast :  
Thy smothering titles to a ragged name ;  
Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormwood taste ;  
Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile opportunity  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble supplicants friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?  
When wilt thou fort an hour great strifes to end ?

Or

Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?  
Give physick to the sick, ease to the pained?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;  
But they nere met with opportunity.

The Patient dies while the Physician sleeps;  
The Orphan pines while the Oppressor feeds;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps:  
Advise is sporting while infection breeds,  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murther rages,  
Thy hainous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Vertue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;  
They buy thy help, but Sin nere gives a fee  
He *gratis* comes, and thou art well apaid,  
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.

My *Colatine* would else have come to me:  
When *Tarquin* did, but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of murther and of theft,  
Guilty of perjury and subordination,  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,  
Guilty of incest, that abomination,  
An accessary by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.



Mishapen time, copesmate of ugly night,  
Swift subtile post, carrier of grisly care,  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sins pack-horse, vertues snare,  
Thou nurrest all, and murderest all that are :

O hear me then, injurious shifting time,  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant Opportunity  
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose ?  
Cancel'd my fortunes and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes ?  
Times office is to find the hate of foes,  
To eat up error by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Times glory is to calme contending Kings,  
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morne, and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
To ruinate proud buildings with thy houres  
And smear with dust their glittering golden towrs.

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books, and alter their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient Ravens wings,  
To dry the old oakes sap, and cherish springs,

To

To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,  
And turn the giddy round of fortunes wheel.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the Tyger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the Unicorne and Lion wilde,  
To mock the subtile in themselves beguil'd ;  
To chear the Plowman with increaseful crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water drops,

Why workst thou mischief in thy Pilgrimage,  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?  
One poor retiring minute in an age,  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:

O this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come

(backe,

I could prevent this storm, and shun this wracke.

Thou ceaselesse lacky to Eternity,  
With some mischance crosse *Tarquin* in this flight,  
Devise extreams beyond extremity  
To make him curse this cursed crimefull night :  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,  
And the dire thought of his committed evil,  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeles Devil.

Disturbe his howres of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid grones ;

Let

Let there bechance him pitiful mischances ;  
To make him mone, but pity not his moenes :  
Stone him with hardened hearts harder than stones,  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wilder to him than Tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of times help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
Let him have time a beggers orts to crave ;  
And time to see one that by alms doth live,  
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort :  
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly, and his time of sport :  
And ever let his unrecalling time,  
Have time to waile th' abusing of his time.

O time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taughts this ill,  
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
Himself, himself seek every hour to kill,  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill,  
For who so base would such an Office have,  
As slanderous death to man to so base a Slave ?

The baser is he, coming from a King,  
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate,  
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;  
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is mist,  
 But little Stars may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,  
 And unperceiv'd flie with the filth away,  
 But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,  
 The stain upon his silver Downe will stay.  
 Poor groomes are fightless night, Kings glorious day  
 Gnats are unnoted wherefoere they flye,  
 But Eagle gaz'd upon with every eye.

Our idle words, servants to shallow fooles  
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators,  
 Busie our selves in skil-contending schooles;  
 Debate where leasure serves with dull debators:  
 To trembling Clients be you mediators:  
 For me, I force not argument a straw,  
 Since that my Case is past the help of law.

In vain I raile at Opportunity,  
 At Time, at Tarquin, and unsearchful night:  
 In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
 In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despight:  
 This helpless smoak of words doth me no right;

The



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

89

The remedy indeed to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiverest thou at this decree?  
Honor thy self to rid me of this shame,  
For if I die, my Honor lives in thee,  
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;  
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thy self and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starts;  
To find some desperate instrument of Death,  
But this no slaughter-house, no tool imparts,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth  
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged Canon fumes.

In vain (quoth she) I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy meane to end a hapless life:  
I feard by *Tarquins* sauchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife,  
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;  
So am I now; O no, that cannot be,  
Of that true type hath *Tarkin* rifled me.

O that is gone, for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die,  
To clear this spot by death (at least) I give

A badge of fame to flaunders livery,  
 A dying life to living infamy,  
 Poor helpless help the treasure stoln away,  
 To burn the guiltless Casket where it lay.

Well, well, dear *Colatine*, thou shalt not know  
 The stained tast of violated troth:  
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath:  
 This bastard grasse shall never come to growth:  
 He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute,  
 That thou art doting Father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,  
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
 Basely with gold, but stolne from forth thy gate:  
 For me I am the mistress of my fate,  
 And with my trespasse never will dispence,  
 Till life to death acquit my forst offence.]

I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly coyn'd excuses,  
 My fable ground with sin I will not paint,  
 To hide the truth of this false nights abuses:  
 My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like fluces,  
 As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale  
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting *Philomele* had ended  
 The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,

And

**YQI**

9.  
Lucrece  
continu-  
ing her la-  
ments, dis-  
puteth  
whether  
she should  
kill her  
self or no.

*self or no.*

1

The little birds that tune their mornings joy,  
 Make her moanes mad with their sweet melody,  
 For mirth doth searce the bottome of annoy,  
 Sad Souls are slaine in merry company,  
 Grief best is pleased with griefs society :  
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffiz'd,  
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,  
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,  
 To see the salve doth make the wound ake more,  
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;  
 Deep woes roul forward like a gentle floud,  
 Who being stopt, the bounding banks oreflows,  
 Grief dallied with, nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intomb  
 Within your hollow swelling feathered breasts,  
 And in my hearing be you ever dumb,  
 My restlesse discord loves no stops nor rests ;  
 A woful hostesse brooks not merry guests :  
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears,  
 Distresse likes dumps when time is kept with tears

Come *Philomele*, that singst of ravishment,  
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair :  
 As the danke earth weeps at thy languishment ;  
 So I at each sad straine will straine a tear,  
 And with deep grones the *Diapason* bear :



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103

For burthen-wife Ple hum on *Tarquin* still,  
While thou on *Tereus* descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorne thou bearest thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharpe knife, to affright mine eye ;  
Who, if it winke, shall thereon fall and die.

These means as frets upon an instrument,  
Shall turn our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for poor bird, thou singst not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark deep desert seated from the way,  
That knows nor parching heat, nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out ; and there we will unfold

To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds,  
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened Deer that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly,  
Or one incompast with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily :  
So with her self is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd and death reproaches debter.

To kill my self, quoth she, alacke what were it,  
But with my body my poore soules pollution ?  
They that lose halfe with greater patience bear it,

Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion,  
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion,  
 Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,  
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My Body or Soul, which was the dearer?  
 When the one pure, the other made divine;  
 Whose love of either to my self was nearer?  
 When both were kept for Heaven and *Colatine*;  
 Ay me, the barke peel'd from the lofty Pine,  
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay,  
 So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted,  
 Her mansion battered by the enemy,  
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
 Grossly ingirt with daring infamy.  
 Then let it not be call'd impiety  
 If in this blemisht part I make some Hole,  
 Thru which I may convey this troubled Soul,

Yet die I will not till my *Colatine*  
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death,  
 That he may vow in that sad hour of mine,  
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath;  
 My stained blood to *Tarquin* I'll bequeath,  
 Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent  
 And as his due, writ in my Testament.

My

My honor I'll bequeath unto the knife,  
That wounds my body so dishonoured :  
'Tis Honor to deprive dishonored life,  
The one will live, the other being dead ;  
So of shames ashes shall my fame be bred :  
For in my death I murder shameful scorn,  
My shame so dead, my honor is new-born.

Dear Lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?  
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be :  
How *Tarquin* must be us'd, read it in me :  
My self thy friend will kill my self thy foe,  
And for my sake serve thou false *Tarquin* so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make,  
My Soul and Body to the skies and ground,  
My resolution (husband) do you take,  
Mine honor be the knife's that makes my wound,  
My shame be his that did my fame confound :  
And all my fame that lives bisurfed be  
To those that live and think no shame of me.

Then *Colatine* shall oversee this will,  
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it ?  
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;  
My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it,  
Faint not faint heart, but stoutly say, so be it.

Yield

Yield to my hand, and it shall conquer thee,  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

10.  
*Lucrece  
 resolved to  
 kill her  
 self, de-  
 termines  
 first to  
 send her  
 Husband  
 word.*

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,  
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies,  
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thoughts feathers flies;  
 Poor *Lucrece* cheeks unto her maid seem so,  
 As winter meads when Sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good morrow,  
 With soft slow tongue, true marks of modesty,  
 And soars a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,  
 (For why her face wore sorrows livery)  
 But durst not ask of her audaciously,  
 Why her two suns were clowd-eclipsed so,  
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-washt with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;  
 Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet  
 Her circled cyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
 Of those fair Suns set in her mistress sky,  
 Who in a salt-wav'd Ocean quench their light,  
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
 One justly weeps, the other takes in hand;



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No cause, but company of her drops spilling,  
Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,  
Grieving themselves to guesse at others smart,  
And then they drowne their eyes, or break their  
(hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will :  
The weak oppress, th' impression of strange kinds,  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud or skill.  
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,  
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
Wherein is stamp't the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothnesse like a champaine plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep  
In men, as a rough grown grove remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep,  
Through chrystal walls each little mote will peep :  
Tho men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
Poor womens faces are their own faults books.

No man inveighs against the withered flower,  
But chides rough winter that the flower hath kill'd.  
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
Is worthy blame ; O let it not be held  
Poor womens faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
With mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,  
Make weak made women tenants to their shame.

The

The president whereof in *Lucrece* view,  
 Affail'd by night with circumstances strong  
 Of present death and shame that might ensue,  
 By that her death to doe her husband wrong:  
 Such danger to resistance did belong.

The dying fear through all her body spread,  
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this mild patience bid fair *Lucrece* speak,  
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:  
 My girle, quoth she, on what occasion break  
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
 (raining?)  
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
 Know gentle wench, it small avails my mood,  
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me girle, when went (and there she staid  
 Till after a deep grone) *Tarquin* from hence?  
 Madam ere I was up (reply'd the maid)  
 The more to blame my sluggard negligence;  
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,  
 My self was stirring ere the break of day,  
 And ere I rose was *Tarquin* gone away.

But Lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
 She would request to know your heaviness.  
 O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,  
 The repetition cannot make it lesse:  
 For more it is than I can well expresse,

And

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And that deep torture may be call'd a Hell,  
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,  
Yet save that labour for I have them here,  
(What should I say) one of my husbands men,  
Bid thou be ready by and by to bear  
A Letter to my Lord, my Love, my Dear;  
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,  
The cause craves hast, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering ore the paper with her quill,  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight,  
What Wit sets down is blotted still with Will,  
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill.  
Much like a press of people at a dore,  
Throng her inventions which shall goe before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthy Lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person, next vouchsafe t' afford  
(If ever, Love, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me :  
So I commend me from our house in grief,  
My woes are tedious, tho my words are brief.

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly,  
By this short schedule *Colatine* may know

Her

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Her grief, but not her griefes true quality,  
 She dares not thereof make discovery,  
 Lest he should hold it her own grosse abuse,  
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
 She hoords to spend, when he is by to hear her,  
 When sighs and groans, and teares may grace the fa-  
 (shion  
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her  
 To shun this blot she would not blot the letter  
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told:  
 For then the eye interprets to the ear  
 The heavy motion that it doth be-hold:  
 When every part a part of woe doth bear,  
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
 And sorrow ebs being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is sealed, and on it writ,  
 At Ardea to my Lord with more than haste:  
 The Post attends, and she delivers it,  
 Charging the sowre-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
 As lagging soules before the Northern blast,

Speed, more than speed, but dull and slow she deems,  
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The



## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

111

The homely villain curses to her low,  
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye  
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,  
And forth with bashful innocence doth flie :  
But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;  
For *Lucrece* thought he blusht to see her shame.

When silly *Groome* (God wot) it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity,  
Such harmlesse creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while other sawcily  
Promise more speed, but do it leasurely.  
Even so this pattern of the worne out age,  
Pawn'd honest looks, but layd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blazed,  
She thought he blusht, as knowing *Tarquins* lust,  
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed,  
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :  
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone,  
The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,  
So woe hath wearied woe, more tyred more,

That

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That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pawing for means to mourne some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
Of skilful painting made for *Priams Troy*,  
Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,  
For *Helens* rape the City to destroy,  
Threatning cloud-kissing *Ilion* with annoy;  
Which the conceited *Painter* drew so proud,  
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable Objects there  
In scorn of Nature, Art gave livelesse life;  
Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping teare,  
Shed for the slaughtered husband by a wife.  
The red blood reek'd to shew the painters strife,  
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring Pioneer  
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;  
And from the towres of *Troy* there would appear  
The very eyes of men through loope-holes thrust;  
Gazing upon the *Greekes* with little lust;  
Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
That one might see those far off eyes look sad.

In great Commanders, Grace and Majesty  
You might behold triumphing in their faces,  
In youth quick-bearing and dexterity;

And

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And here and there the painter interlaces  
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces,  
Which heartlesse peasants did so well resemble,  
That one would swear, he saw them quake and  
(tremble.

In *Ajax* and *Ulysses*, O what Art  
Or Physiognomy might one behold !  
The face of either cipher'd eithers heart,  
Their face their manners most expressely told,  
In *Ajax* eyes blunt rage and rigor told.

But the mild glance that the *Ulysses* lent,  
Shew'd deep regard and smiling government;

There pleading might you see grave *Nestor* stand,  
As 'twere encouraging the *Greekes* to fight,  
Making such sober Actions with his hand,  
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight :  
In speech it seem'd his beard, all silver white,  
Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did flie  
Thin winding breath which purld up to the skie,

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advise :  
All jointly listning, but with several graces,  
As if some Mermaid did their eares intice ;  
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice.  
The scalpes of many almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here

Here one mans hand lean'd on anothers head,  
 His nose being shadowed by his neighbors eare,  
 Here one being throng'd bears back all boln and red,  
 Another smothered, seems to pelt and swear,  
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
 As but for losse of *Nestors* golden words,  
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;  
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
 That for *Achilles* image stood his spear  
 Gript in an armed hand, himself behind  
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind ;  
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged *Troy*,  
 When their brave hope, bold *Hector*, march'd to field  
 Stood many *Trojan* mothers, sharing joy  
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield,  
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
 That thro' their light joy seemed to appear  
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of *Dardan* where they fought,  
 To *Simois* reedy banks the red blood ran,  
 Whose waves to imitate the battel fought  
 With swelling ridges, and their ranks began  
 To break upon the galled shore, and then



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

115

Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join, and shoote their fume at *Simois* banks.

To this well painted piece is *Lucrece* come,  
To find a face where all distress is field;  
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distresse and dolor dweld,  
Till she despairing *Hecuba* beheld,  
Staring on *Priamus* wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under *Pyrrhus* proud foot lies,

In her the Painter had anatomiz'd  
Times ruine, Beauties wrack, and grim cares reign;  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd,  
Of what she was no semblance did remain,  
Her blew blood chang'd to black in every vein.  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed  
Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow *Lucrece* spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the Beldames woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries;  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:  
The Painter was no God to lend her those;  
And therefore *Lucrece* swears he did her wrong,  
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

Poor Instrument (quoth he) without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:  
And drop sweet balme in *Priamus* painted wound,  
And rail on *Pyrrhus* that hath done him wrong,

And with my teares quench *Troy* that burns so long,  
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
 Of all the *Greeks* that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this stirre,  
 That with my nailes her beauty I may teare :  
 Thy heat of lust, fond *Paris*, did incur  
 This lode of wrath that burning *Troy* doth bear ;  
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here.  
 And here in *Troy*, for trespasse of thine eye,  
 The Sire, the Son, the Dame and Daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one  
 Become the publick plague of many moe ?  
 Let sin alone committed, light alone  
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so.  
 Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guilty woe :  
 For ones offence why should so many fall,  
 To plague a private sin in general.

Loe here weeps *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies !  
 Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troilus* sounds,  
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
 And one mans lust these many lives confounds.  
 Had doting *Priam* checkt his sons desire,  
*Troy* had bin bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troies* painted woes :  
 For sorrow like a heavy hanging bell,

Once

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

117

Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes,  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :  
So *Lucrece* set aworke, sad tales doth tell,

To pencil'd pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow,  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
(borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painted round,  
And who she finds forlorne she doth lament :

At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to *Phrygian* shepherds lent,  
His face, though full of cares, yet shew'd content.

Onward to *Troy* with these blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,  
An humble gate, calm looks, eyes wayling still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome wo,  
Cheeks, neyther red nor pale, but mingled so,  
That blushing red, no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale, the fear that false hearts have.

But like a constant and confirmed Devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so inconst this secret evil,  
That jealousie it self could not mistrust,  
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust

Into so bright a day, such black-fac'd stormes,  
Or blot with hel-borne sin such Saint-like formes.

118      *The Rape of Lucrece.*

The well-skill'd workman this mild Image drew  
 For perjur'd *Sinon*, whose enchanting story  
 The credulous old *Trojan* after flew:  
 Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory  
 Of rich-built *Ilium*, that the skies were sorry,  
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
 When their glasse fell wherein they view'd their  
 (faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,  
 And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill;  
 Saying, some shape in *Sinon's* was abus'd,  
 So fair a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill;  
 And still she on him gaz'd, and gazing still,  
 Such signs of truth in his plaine face she spied,  
 That she concludes the picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile  
 (She would have said) can lurke in such a look;  
 But *Tarquin's* shape came in her mind the while,  
 And from her tongue, can lurke, from cannot, took  
 It cannot be, she in that sense forsook,  
 And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,  
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind.

For even as subtle *Sinon* here is painted,  
 So sober sad, so weary, and so mild,  
 (As if with grief or travail he had fainted)  
 To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguild

With



*The Rape of Lucrece.* 119

With outward honesty, but yet deff'd  
With inward vice; as *Priam* him did cherish,  
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Looke, looke how listning *Priam* wets his eyes,  
To see those borrowed tears that *Sinon* sheds:  
*Priam*, why art thou old, and yet not wise?  
For every tear he falls, a *Trojan* bleeds:  
His eyes drop fire, no water thence proceeds.  
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity,  
Are balls of quenchlesse fire to burn the City.

Such Devils steale effects from lightlesse Hell,  
For *Sinon* in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,  
These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:  
So *Priam*'s trust false *Sinon*'s tears doth flatter,  
That he finds means to burn his *Troy* with Water.

Here all enrag'd, such passion her affails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast;  
She tears the senselesse *Sinon* with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest,  
Whose deed hath made her self her self detest;  
At last she smilingly with this gives o're,  
Fool, fool, quoth she, his wounds will not be fore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
And time doth weary time with her complaining.

She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow;  
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.  
Short time seems long in sorrows sharp sustaining.

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,  
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipped her thought,  
That she with painted Images hath spent,  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
By deep surmise of others detriment,  
Loosing her woes in shews of discontent :

It easeth some, though none it ever cured,  
To think their dolour others have endured.

*Upon Lu-  
crece sen-  
ding for  
Colatine  
in such  
haste, he  
with di-  
vers of his  
Allies and  
Friends  
returns  
home.*

But now the mindful Messenger comes back,  
Brings home his Lord and other company ;  
Who finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning black,  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blew circles stream'd like Rain-bows in the sky.

These water-gals in her dim element,  
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares ;  
Her eyes though sod in tears, lookt red and raw,  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares,  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,  
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondring each others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,  
And thus begins : What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand ?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?

Unmask, dear Dear, this moody heavinesse,  
And tell thy griefe, that we may give redresse.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,  
E're once she can discharge one word of woe.  
At length addrest to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her Honor is ta'n prisoner by the Foe ;  
While *Colatine* and his consoorted Lords  
With sad attention long to hear her Words.

And now this pale Swan in her watry nest,  
Begins the Dirge of her certain ending ;  
Few words (quoth she) shall fit the trespasse best,  
Where no excuse can give the fault amending,  
In me more woes than words are now depending,  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say,  
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,  
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head,

And

122      *The Rape of Lucrece.*

And what wrong else may be imagined  
By foule inforcement might be done to me,  
From that (alas) thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
With shining Fauchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature with a flaming light,  
And softly cry'd, awake thou *Roman* Daine,  
And entertain my love, else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my loves desire doe contradict.

For some hard favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,  
Unlesse thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
Ile murder straight, and then Ile slaughter thee,  
And sweare I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of Lust, and so did kill  
The Lechers in their deed, this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he sets his sword,  
Swearing, unlesse I tooke all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word.  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*,  
Th' adulterate death of *Lucrece* and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
(And farre the weaker with so strong a fear)

My



My bloody Judge forbad my tongue to speak,  
No rightful plea might plead for Justice there :  
His scarlet lute came evidence to swear,  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,  
And when the Judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine own excuse,  
Or (at the least) this refuge let me find ;  
Tho my grosse blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotlesse is my mind,  
That was not forc'd, that never was enclin'd  
To accessary yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Loe here the hopelesse Merchant of his losse,  
With head inclin'd, and voice dam'd up with woe,  
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms acrosse,  
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow  
The grief away that stops his answer so :  
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain,  
What he breaths out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an Arch the violent roaring Tide,  
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste :  
Yet in the Eddy boundeth in his pride,  
Packe to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage being past ;  
Even so his sighs his sorrows make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which

My

Which speechlesse woe of his poor the attendeth,  
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh;  
 Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
 Another power, no floud by raining flaketh,  
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh;  
 More feeling painful, let it then suffice  
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,  
 For she that was thy *Lucrece* now attend me,  
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
 Thine, mine, his own, suppose thou dost defend me  
 From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me  
 Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die:  
 For sparing Justice feeds Iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair Lords, quoth she,  
 (Speaking to those that came with *Colatine*)  
 Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine:  
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design,

Upon the  
 relation of  
*Lucrece*  
 her rape,  
*Colatine*  
 and the  
 rest swear  
 to revenge,  
 but this  
 seems not  
 full satis-  
 faction to  
 her losses.

To chase injustice with revengeful arms,  
 Knights by their oaths should right poor Ladies  
 (charms.

At this request, with noble disposition,  
 Each present Lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewraid.

But

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

129

But she that yet her sad task hath not said,  
The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,  
How may this forced stain be wipt from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,  
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstances  
May my pure mind with the foul act dispence,  
My low declined honour to advance?  
May any termes acquit me from this chance?  
The poisoned fountaine clears it self again,  
And why not I from this compelled stain.

With this they all at once began to say,  
Her bodies stain the mind untainted clears,  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune carv'd it in with teares.

No, no, quoth she, no dame hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuses giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would breake,  
She throwes forth *Tarquins* name, he, he, she says;  
But more than, he, her poor Tongue could not

Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
She utters this, he, he, fair Lord, 'tis he  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

(*Speak,* She killeth  
her self,  
to exaspe-  
rate them  
the more  
to punish  
the Delin-  
Even quent.

But

Even here sheath'd in her harmlesse brest  
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed,  
 That blow did bayle it from the deep unrest  
 Of that polluted Prison where it breathed,  
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed  
 Her winged spright, and through her Wounds  
 (doth flie  
 Lifes lasting date from canceld destiny.

Stone-still, astonisht with this deadly deed,  
 Stood Colatine and all his Lordly crew.  
 Till *Lucrece* father that beholds her bleed,  
 Himself, on her self-slaughtered body threw  
 And from the purple fountain *Brutus* drew,  
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,  
 Her blood in poor revenge, held it in chase.

And bubbling from her brest, it doth divide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on every side,  
 Who like a late sackt Island vastly stood  
 Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.  
 Some of her blood, still pure and red remaind,  
 And some lookt black, and that false *Tarquin* staind.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood, a watry rigol goes,  
 Which seemes to weep upon the tainted place :

And



*The Rape of Lucrece.* 117

And ever since a pitying *Lucrece* woes,  
Corrupted bloud some watry token shoves,

And bloud untainted still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old *Lucretius* cries,  
That life was mine, which thou hast here deprived;  
If in the child the fathers image lies,  
Where shall I live, now *Lucrece* is unlived?  
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.

If children predecease Progenitours,  
We are their off-spring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glasse, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance, my old age new born,  
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
Shews me a barebon'd Death by time out-worn,  
O from my cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
And shiver'd all the beauty from my glasse,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time, cease thou thy course, and hast no longer,  
If thou surcease to be, that should survive:  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the foultring feeble soules alive?  
The old Beesdie, the young possess their hive,  
Then live sweet *Lucrece*, live again, and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By

By this starts Colatine as from a dreame,  
 And bids *Lucretius* give his sorrow place;  
 And then in key-cold *Lucrece* bleeding streame  
 He fals, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
 And counterfeits to die with her a space:  
 Till manly shame bids him possesse his breath,  
 And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soule,  
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue,  
 Who made that sorrow should his use controle,  
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
 Begins to talk, but through his lips do throng  
 Weak words, so thick come in his poor hearts aid  
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime *Turgis* was pronounced plain,  
 But through his teeth, as if his name he tore,  
 This windy tempest till it blow up rain,  
 Held back his sorrows tide, to make it more.  
 At last it raines, and busy winds give ore:  
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,  
 Who should weep most for Daughter or for Wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
 Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay:  
 The father says, she's mine; O mine she is,  
 Replies her husband: Do not take away

My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say  
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
And only must be waild by Colatine.

O, quoth *Lucretius*, I did give that life  
Which she too early and too late hath spild.

Woe, woe, quoth *Colatine*, she was my wife,  
I own'd her, and his mine that she hath kild.  
My daughter and my wife with clamors fill  
The disperst aire, who holding *Lucrece* life,  
Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

*Brutus*, who pluckt the knife from *Lucrece* side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to cloth his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in *Lucrece* wound his follies show:  
He with the Romans was esteem'd so,  
As silly feeling ideots are with kings,  
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,  
Wherein the Policy did him disguise,  
And arm'd his long hid wits advisedly,  
To check the teares in *Colatimus* eyes,  
Thou wronged Lord of *Rome*, quoth he, arise.  
Let my unfounded self suppos'd a fool  
Now set thy long experienc't wit to school.

Why *Colatine*, is woe the cure for woe;  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?

Is it revenge to give thy self a blow  
 For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
 Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds.  
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
 To slay her self, that should have slain her foe.

Couragious *Romans* do not sleep thy heart  
 In such lamenting dew of lamentations,  
 But kneele with me, and help to bear thy part,  
 To rouse our *Romane* Gods with invocations,  
 That they will suffer these abominations,  
 (Since *Rome* her self in them doth stand disgraced  
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
 chafed)

Now by the *Capitol* that we adore,  
 And by this chaste bloud so unjustly stained,  
 By heavens fair sun, that breeds the fat earths store,  
 By all our country rites in *Rome* maintained,  
 And by chaste *Lucreces* soul that late complained  
 Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
 We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he strook his hand upon his breast,  
 And kist the fatal knife to end his vow:  
 And to his protestation urg'd the rest,  
 Who wondring at him, did his words allow:  
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,  
 And that deep vow which *Brutus* made before,  
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.



When they had sworne to his advised doome,  
They did conclude to beag dead *Lucrece* thence,  
To shew the bleeding body throughout *Rome*,  
And so to publish *Tarquins* foul offence;  
Which being done, with speedy diligence,  
The *Romans* plaufibly did give consent,  
To *Tarquins* everlasting banishment.

**F I N I S.**

---

**K 2      T H E**

When they had done this, the  
 They did proceed to do so, and then  
 To find the thing had brought them  
 And to be with them in the  
 Which they had with them  
 The things which they had  
 To the things which they had



THE



THE  
PASSIONATE  
PILGRIME.

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By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

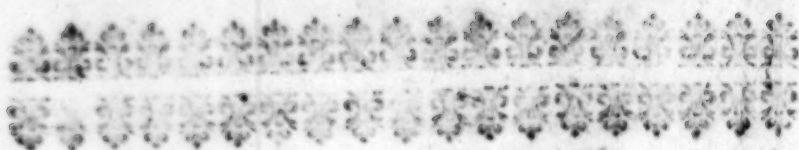
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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1609.



THE  
 PASSIONATE  
 PILGRIM.



By Mr. WILLIAMS & CO. SHAKESPEARE.

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LONDON.

Printed in the Year 1809.

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# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

**W**hen my Love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do beleve her (though I know she lies)  
 That she might thinke me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unskilful in the worlds false forgeries.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinkes me young,  
 Although I know my yeares be past the best :  
 I smiling, credite her false speaking tounge,  
 Outfacing faults in Love, with loves ill rest.  
 But wherefore sayes my Love that she is young ?  
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old ?  
 O, Loves best habite is a soothing tounge,  
 And Age (in Love) loves not to have yeares told.  
 Therefore Ile lye with Love, and Love with me,  
 Since that our faults in Love thus smother'd be.

Two Loves I have, of Comfort and Despaire,  
 That like two Spirits do suggest me still;  
 My better Angell is a Man (right faire)  
 My worser spirite a woman (colour'd ill.)  
 To winne me soone to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better Angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my Saint to be a Devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her faire pride,  
 And whether that my Angel be turnde feend,  
 Suspect I may (yet not directly tell)  
 For being both to me; both to each friend,  
 I guesse one Angel in anothers hell:  
 The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
 Till my bad Angel fire my good one out.

Did not the heavenly Rhetorike of thine eye,  
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
 Perswade my heart to this false perjurie:  
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment,  
 A woman I forswore: But I will prove  
 Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee;  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,  
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.  
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is;  
 Then thou fair Sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
 Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:  
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
 If by me broke, what foole is not so wise  
 To breake an Oath, to win a Paradise?

Sweet *Cythera*, sitting by a Brook,  
With young *Adonis*, lovely, fresh and green,  
Did court the Lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauties queen :  
She told him stories to delight his ears ;  
She shew'd him favours, to allure his eye ;  
To win his heart, she toucht him here and there,  
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
But whether untipe years did want conceit,  
Or he refus'd to take her figured proffer,  
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :  
Then fell she on her backe, fair queen, and toward  
He rose and ran away, ah foole too froward.

If Love make me forsworn, how shall I swere to love ?  
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed :  
Tho to my self forsworn, to thee Ile constant prove,  
Those thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Oliers  
(bowed.  
Studdy his byas leaves, & makes his book thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live, that Art can compre-  
(hend :  
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;  
Well learned is that tounge that well can thee com-  
(mend,  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admyre :  
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dread-  
(ful thunder,  
Which (not to anger bent) is musick and sweet fire.  
Ce-

138 *The Passionate Pilgrime.*

Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,  
To sing heavens praise with such an earthly  
(tounge.

Scarfe had the Sunne dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarfe the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
When *Cytheres* (all in love forlorne)  
A longing tariance for *Adonis* made  
Under an Olyer growing by a brooke,  
A brooke, where *Adon* us'd to coole his spleene :  
Hot was the day, the hotter that did looke  
For his approach, that often there had beene.  
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim :  
The Sunne look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wistly, as this Queen on him :  
He spying her, bounc'd in (whereas he stood)  
Oh *Jove* (quoth she) why was not I a flood ?

Fair is my Love, but not so fair as fickle,  
Mild as a Dove, but neither true nor trusty,  
Brighter than glasse, and yet as glasse is brittle,  
Softer than waxe, and yet as iron rusty :  
A little pale, with damaske die to grace her,  
None fairer, nor none faller to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
Between each kisse her othes of true love swearing :  
How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
Dreading my love, the losse whereof still fearing ;

Yet



Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were  
(jestings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,  
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth :  
She fram'd the love, and yet she foyld the framing,  
She bad love last, and yet she fell a turning.

Was this a lover, or a Letcher whether ?

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

If Musicke and sweet Poetry agree,  
As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother)  
Then must the love be great twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
*Dowland* to thee is deer, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the Lute, doth ravish human sense :  
*Spenser* to me, whose deep Conceit is such,  
As passing all Conceit, needs no Defence.  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,  
That *Phœbus* Lute (the Queen of Musick) makes :  
And I in deep Delight am chiefly drown'd,  
When as himself to singing he betakes.

One God is God of both (as Poets faine)

One Knight loves both, and both in thee remaine.

Fair was the morn, when the fair Queen of love,  
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white Dove,  
For *Adons* sake, a youngster proud and wild,  
Her stand she takes upon a steep up hill.  
Anon *Adonis* comes with horn and hounds,

She

She silly Queen, with more than loves good will,  
 Forbad the boy he should not pass those grounds,  
 Once (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth  
 Here in these brakes, deep wounded with a Boar,  
 Deep in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,  
 See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore,  
 She shewed hers, he saw more wounds than one,  
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Sweet Rose, fair Flower, untimely pluckt, soon vaded,  
 Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring.  
 Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shaded,  
 Fair creature kill'd too soon by Deaths sharp sting:  
 Like a greene plumb that hangs upon a tree:  
 And fals (through wind) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,  
 For why, thou lests me nothing in thy will.  
 And yet thou lests me more than I did crave,  
 For why; I craved nothing of thee still:  
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,  
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

*Venus* with *Adonis* sitting by her,  
 Under a Myrtle shade, began to wooe him,  
 She told the youngling how god *Mars* did try her,  
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him,  
 Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac't me:  
 And then she clipt *Adonis* in her armes:

Even

Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac't me,  
As if the boy should use like loving charmes :  
Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my lips,  
And with her lips on his did act the seizure :  
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay :  
To kisse and clip me till I run away.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together,  
Youth is full of pleafance, age is full of care,  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather,  
Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport, Ages breath is short,  
Youth is nimble, Age is lame,  
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold,  
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

Age I do abhor thee, Youth I do adore thee,

O my love, my love is young.

Age I do defie thee. Oh sweet Shepheard hie  
(thee ;

For me thinks thou stays too long.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful Good,

A shining glosse, that vadeth sodainly,

A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud,

A brittle glasse, thats broken presently.

A doubtful good, a glosse, a glasse, a flower,

Loft, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And

142 *The Passionate Pilgrime.*

And as goods lost, are feld or never found,  
 As vaded glosse no rubbing will refresh :  
 As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,  
 As broken glasse no symant can redress.  
 So beauty Nemist once, for ever lost,  
 In spite of phylick, painting, paine and cost.

Good night, good rest, ah neither be my share,  
 She had good night, that kept my rest away,  
 And dast me to a cabben hangd with care ;  
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
 Farewel (quoth she) and come againe to morrow  
 Farewel I could not, for I supt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
 In scorn or friendship, nill I conster whether :  
 'T may be she joy'd to jeast at my exile,  
 'T may be again, to make me wander thither.  
 Wander (a word) for shadowes like my self,  
 As take the pain, but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord how mine eyes throw gazes to the East,  
 My heart doth charge the watch, the morning rise  
 Doth scite each moving scence from idle rest,  
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes.  
 While *Philomela* sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
 And with her layes were tuned like the Lark.



For she doth welcome day-light with her ditte,  
And drives away dark dreaming night :  
The night so packt, I post unto my pretty,  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished fight,  
Sorrow chang'd to solace, and solace mixt with  
(sorrow,  
For why, she fight, and bad me come to morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon,  
But now are minutes added to the houres.  
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour,  
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers.  
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now bor-  
(row  
Short night to night, and length thy selfe to mor-  
(row.

**F I N I S.**

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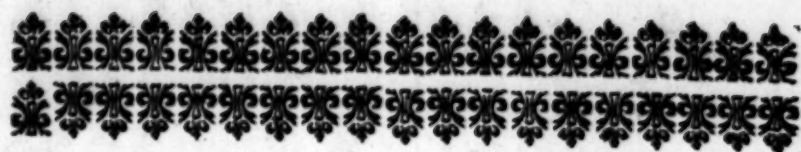
**S O N.**

For the dawn of dawn has light with her  
And drives away dark dreary night:  
The night is past, I ponder on my prey,  
Hear I hear the pop, and feel the wind  
Sorrow changed to love, and love to mirth  
(1870)  
For why the night, and for the dawn to morn.

Were I with her, the night would pass too soon,  
But now the minutes added to the hour,  
To time we now, each minute seems an hour,  
Is not for me, this night is now  
Back night, past night, night now past  
(1870)  
Short night to me, this night is now past  
(1870)



FINIS



SONNETS  
TO  
Sundry NOTES  
OF  
MUSICK E.

---

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year 1609.

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SONNETS

TO

SUNDAY NOTES



45

1. 16.

545

BY WILLIAM S. GOSWELL

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—————

Printed in the Year 1860





## SONNETS, &c.

**I**t was a Lordings Daughter, the fairest one of  
 (three  
 That liked of her Maister, as well as well might be,  
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eie  
 (could see,  
 Her fancie fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love  
 (did fight,  
 To leave the Maister lovelesse, or kill the gallant  
 (Knight.

To put in practice either, alas it was a spite  
 Unto the filly damsel.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the paine;  
 That nothing could be used, to turne them both to  
 (gaine,

For of the two the trusty Knight was wounded  
 (with Disdaine,

Alas she could not help it.

Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the  
 (day,

Which by a gift of Learning, did beare the Maid a-  
 (way,

Then lullaby the learned Man hath got the Lady gay,

For now my song is ended.

SOUNDINGS

TO

STATION NOTES



45

1. 16.

545

BY MR. WILLIAM S. WILSON

LONDON

Printed in the Town of



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**O**N a day (alacke the day)  
 Love whose month was ever *May*,  
 Spied a blossome passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air,  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind  
 All unseen gan passage find,  
 That the lover (sicke to death)  
 Wisht himsef the heavens breath :  
 Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,  
 Ayre, would I might triumph so ;  
 But (alas) my hand hath sworne,  
 Nere to pluck thee from thy throne,  
 Vow (alacke) for youth unmeet,  
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet ;  
 Thou for whom *Jove* would swear,  
~~Just~~ but an *Ethiops* were,  
 And deny himself for *Jove*,  
 Turning mortal for thy Love.

**M**Y flocks feeds not, my Ewes breed not,  
 My Rams speed not, all is amis :  
 Love is dying, Faithes defying,  
 Hearts denying, causer of this.  
 All my merry Jigges are quite forgot,  
 All my Ladies love is lost (God wot)  
 Where her faith was firmly fixt in love,  
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.  
 One silly crosse wrought all my losse ;  
 O frowning fortune, cursed fickle dame,



For now I see, inconstancy  
More in women than in men remain.

**I**N black morne I, all fears scorne I,  
Love hath forlorne me, living in thrall :  
Heart is bleeding, all helpe needing,  
O cruel speeding, fraughted with gall.  
My shepherds pipe can sound no deale,  
My weathers bell rings doleful knell;  
My curtaile dogg that wont to have plaid,  
Plaies not at all but seems afraid.

With sighs so deep, procures to weep,  
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight,  
How sighs resound through hartlesse ground,  
Like a thousand vanquisht men in bloody fight.

**C**Leare wells spring not, sweete birds sing not,  
Greene plants bring not forth their die,  
Herds stands weeping, flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphes black peeping fearfully.  
All our pleasure knowne to us poor swains,  
All our merry meetings on the plains,  
All our evening sport from us is fled,  
All our love is lost, for love is dead :  
Farewel sweet love thy like nere was,  
For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,  
Poor *Coridon* must live alone,  
Other helpe for him I see that there is none.

When

**W**HEN as thine eye hath chose the Dame,  
And stelde the deare that thou shouldst strike,  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy (partyall might)  
Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talke,  
Least she some subtle practise smell,  
A Cripple soone can finde a halt,  
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning browes be bent,  
Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,  
And then too late she will repent,  
That thus dissembled her delight :  
And twice desire yet it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban, and braule, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yeeld at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say :  
Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith you had not had it then.

And

And to her will frame all thy ways,  
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy Ladies ear,  
The strongest castle, tower and towne,  
The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy sute be humble true,  
Unlesse thy Lady prove unjust,  
Presse never thou to chuse anew :  
When time shall serve, be thou not slacke,  
To proffer though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women worke,  
Dissembled with an outward shew :  
The tricks and toys that in them lurke,  
The Cock that treads them shall not know,  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A womans nay doth stand for nought.

Think women still to strive with men,  
To sinne and never for to saint,  
There is no heaven (by holy then)  
When time with age shall them attaint,  
Were kisses all the joyes in bed,  
One woman would another wed,

But

But soft enough, too much I feare,  
 Least that my mistresse heare my song,  
 She will not stick to round me on th'are,  
 To teach my tounge to be so long:  
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
 To heare her secrets so bewraid.

**L**IVE with me and be my Love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove,  
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,  
 And all the craggy mountains yeeld,

There will we sit upon the Rocks,  
 And see the Shepherds feed their flocks,  
 By shallow Rivers, by whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,  
 With a thousand fragrant poses,  
 A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle  
 Imbrodered all with leaves of Mirtle.

A belt of Straw and Yuye buds,  
 With Coral Clasps and Amber studs;  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Then live with me, and be my Love;



# SONNETS, &c. 133

## *Loves Answer.*

If that the World and Love were young,  
And truth in every Shepherds tounge,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy Love.

**A**S it fell upon a Day,  
In the merry Month of *May*,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
Which a grove of Myrtles made,  
Beastes did leap, and Birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring :  
Every thing did banish mone,  
Save the Nightingale alone,  
Shee (poor Bird) as all forlorne,  
Leand her breast up-till a thorne,  
And there sung the dolefull Ditty,  
That to heare it was great Pitty,  
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry  
Teru, Teru, by and by :

That to heare her so complaine,  
Scarce I could from teares refraine,  
For her griefes so lively shoue,  
Made me thinke upon mine owne,  
Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine,  
None takes pittty on thy paine :  
Senselesse Trees, they cannot heare thee,  
Ruthlesse Bears, they will not cheer thee.

M

King

*Loves*

154 SONNETS, &c.

King Pandion, he is dead.  
 All thy friends are lapt in Lead,  
 All thy fellow Birds doe sing,  
 Carelesse of thy sorrowing.

Whilst as fickle fortune smild,  
 Thou and I, were both beguild.  
 Every one that flatters thee,  
 Is no friend in misery.

Words are easie, like the wind,  
 Faithful friends are hard to find;  
 Every Man will be thy friend,  
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:  
 But if store of Crowns be scant,  
 No man will supply thy want.  
 If that one be prodigal,  
 Bountifull they will him call:  
 And with such-like flattering,  
 Pity but he were a King.

If he be addict to vice,  
 Quickly him they will intice.  
 If to women he be bent,  
 They have at Commaundement.  
 But if Fortune once do frown,  
 Then farewell his great renowne.  
 They that fawn'd on him before,  
 Use his company no more.  
 He that is thy friend indeed,  
 He will helpe thee in thy need.

**S O N N E T S, &c. 155**

If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.  
Thus of every grief in heart,  
He with thee doeth beare a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flatt'ring foe.

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**F I N I S.**

20 N E T S 30

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FINIS